

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Tell me what you'll do," said Sam. "How many yards does it take for a dress? Fifteen? All right. We'll give you sixty cents a yard—cash. What do you say, Mr. Farnsworth? Is it a bargain?"

"All right," groaned the merchant. "It leaves me nothing, but I'll do it as a favor. Of course you want some black lace for trimmings?"

"Sure," replied Sam.

"Something about twenty-five cents a yard," suggested Mrs. Rounds. She felt like one who, having fallen from grace, decides to go to perdition with flying colors. No one in Rehoboth ever had possessed a black silk gown with lace trimmings.

"Here is something at thirty cents a yard which I can honestly recommend," said Mr. Farnsworth. After inspecting cheaper qualities, on which Mr. Farnsworth fixed higher prices, Mrs. Rounds consented to the purchase of eight yards, though Mr. Farnsworth advised ten.

Sam's crowning triumph was the purchase of a black lace shawl, listed at one hundred and fifty dollars. After ten minutes of dicker with Mr. Farnsworth, Sam succeeded in acquiring that treasure for \$11.25. Likewise he bought a twenty-five dollar bonnet for three and a half dollars. Handkerchiefs, stockings, petticoats and shoes fell into Sam's hands at ridiculous prices, until his mother, with tears in her eyes, declared that she would not consent to the purchase of another article.

Mr. Farnsworth presented an itemized bill for \$47.27, which Sam paid from a generous roll of greenbacks. On the plea of arranging for expressing the goods to Hingham, Sam met Mr. Farnsworth in his office and gave him a check for the balance of \$445.50.

"I swan, I haven't had so much fun in ten years," said Sam, as he shook

since I've been away to pay for three more dresses like that air one. It's none too good for ye, an' I want ye to wear it just as if ye want afraid of it."

Sam's rapidly increasing business kept him away from home much of the time. Mrs. Rounds was busy for a month with her wardrobe. She then knitted socks for Sam, until he had a supply sufficient to last a lifetime. In this crisis of a dearth of work, the wife of a neighbor was taken ill with typhoid fever. There were five small children in the family, and they were too poor to employ a nurse.

An hour after Mrs. Rounds heard the news she had taken charge of the case. Hour after hour and day after day she fought the attacks of the insidious disease. She cooked the meals, soothed the crying children, spoke words of comfort to the distracted husband, performed the household work, and slept at such rare intervals as she could find between her multitudinous duties. The patient was convalescent when Sam returned home. He at once employed a nurse to take his mother's place.

She listened patiently and with a puzzled smile to Sam's rebuking lecture.

"When folks are sick, some one must take care of them, Samuel," she said, when he had ended. "They are poor, and I had nothing else to do. The Bible says you must visit the sick when they're afflicted. You won't let me do any work here in the house, and I must do something."

Mrs. Rounds was the first to learn of sickness or of trouble in any family for miles around, and first to respond. She officiated at childbirths, or with tender fingers closed the eyes of the dead and stitched their shrouds. When children had croup or measles, the neighbors sent, not for the doctor, but for Mrs. Rounds. She found re-

laxation in sewing for any one who would accept her services.

Sam made several successful ventures in the New York horse market and decided to locate there. He bought a cozy house on the East Side, fronting a small park, and installed his mother as mistress of the establishment. His business prospered. Having firmly established his position as a shipper and dealer in horses, he turned his attention to the commission business. Taking advantage of a shortage in the cranberry crop, he bought a large part of the available supply and cleared thousands of dollars in consequence of his sagacity. He then embarked in the produce and commission business on a large scale and scored another success.

At the age of thirty-five, having amassed a competency, Sam Rounds determined to improve what he termed his "book education." Four winter terms in the Rehoboth public school gave him all of which he could boast in the way of erudition. He therefore began a course of study in a night school, which he attended four evenings in the week. He joined a debating society, and became a member of various social and political organizations in his district.

The corruption of the local politicians precipitated a revolt against the party in power, and the voters of Sam's district held a meeting for the purpose of nominating an alderman to stand against an incumbent who had betrayed his trust. Sam's name was proposed with cheers. He was nominated by acclamation and escorted to the platform.

"If honesty is good policy in business, as they say it is," he declared, "it should be a good thing in politics. Those who know me know that I'm not a politician, and those that don't know me will know soon that I'm not."

The only promise I can make is that if I am elected—and I calculate to be—is that I would no longer think of cheating my neighbors as an alderman, than I would of cheating them in selling potatoes or cabbages."

Samuel Lemuel Rounds was triumphantly elected alderman by the largest majority ever cast for a candidate in his district.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Lost in the Snow.

"Looks like more snow!" At the sound of his master's voice a shepherd dog raised his head inquiringly, and followed the gaze of the speaker as he studied the leaden

sky and the crests of snow-laden ridges and mountains. This habit of voicing thought develops in those who spend long periods in solitude, and James Blake—once a farmer boy in Hingham, and now a California gold miner and prospector—was no exception to the rule.

"Let's get breakfast, Dog," he said as he entered the cabin. "I told you it was going to snow."

Blake's cabin stood well back from the edge of a cliff half way up the slope of a valley in the Sierra Nevada of Central California.

Scattered along the walls were mining tools, powder kegs, guns, fishing rods, and a miscellaneous assortment of lumber and firewood. A small but strongly constructed ell was used as a storeroom. Haunches of venison, the carcass of a brown bear, and long strings of mountain trout were here securely guarded against the depredations of wandering animals. Bags of flour and oatmeal, some potatoes, sides of bacon, and the remnants of a ham completed the more substantial portion of Blake's larder. He often surveyed his snug storeroom with much satisfaction. Nothing but a conflagration or a serious illness could disturb his labors during the long winter season.

Breakfast ended, James Blake lit his pipe and started for the mouth of the tunnel. Though less than an hour had passed since he entered the cabin the snow already had drifted across the path and blocked the door. Those whose knowledge of snowstorms is confined to localities where a foot or two of snow in forty-eight hours is called a "blizzard," and esteemed a meteorological event, have no conception of a snow storm in the Sierras. Near the timber line in the Sierra Nevada there has been recorded a fall of fourteen feet of snow in as many consecutive hours—an inch every five minutes—a swirling, writhing, choking maelstrom of flakes, borne on the wings of a freezing gale.

It was such a storm that Blake faced when he opened the cabin door and plunged through the drifts into the tunnel.

"This is an old snifter, isn't it, Dog?" he exclaimed as he stood in the mouth of the shaft and shook the snow from his blouse.

Blake lit a lantern and wormed his way into the dismal hole. A few minutes later he was hard at work, pausing now and then to examine the rock with eager eyes. He had been toiling for three hours or more when the dog's sniffling attracted his notice. As he turned, the animal raised his head, barked sharply, and growled in a peculiar manner.

"What's the matter, Dog?" said Blake, patting his friend. "What a cursed shame the creature can't talk! What's up, old boy? Seen a bear? Don't bother with him—let him alone. Go away, Dog, I'm busy," and Blake returned to his task.

Leaning back against the wall of the tunnel, with his paws hanging in a most doleful fashion, the dog sounded a long-drawn wail, so pitiful in its intensity that Blake dropped his pick and gazed at the animal in amazement mixed with terror. The animal sprang forward and fastened his teeth in the leg of Blake's trousers, pulling gently but firmly, growling and whining.

"This is a new freak!" muttered Blake, grabbing the lantern. "Something has happened. Perhaps the hut's afire."

He moved quickly towards the mouth of the tunnel. The dog gave a joyful bark, and led the way. Blake reached the open air, and floundered through the drifts until the cabin was visible through the blinding snow. The dog went past it, and howled dismally when his master paused. Rushing into the hut, Blake secured a long rope, one end of which he tied to the leg of a bench near the door. Paying out the coil he dashed sturdily forward.

(To be continued.)

## JAPANESE ARE TRUE POETS.

### Chicago Club Woman Recalls Some of Their Characteristics.

An observant Chicago club woman who recently returned from Japan tells the following interesting characteristics of the "little brown man":

"He is always a student and always a poet. The sight of an almond tree in full bloom will cause him to pour forth his admiration in poetry, which he writes on streamers of rice paper and attaches to the limbs of the beautiful pink flowering tree. Such a tree may in a few days become the shrine of hundreds of devotees, each inspired by the sight to a high pitch of poetic fervor, which vents itself in the form of more poems, so that before the almond season is over a whole orchard is often a fluttering mass of poetical tributes to the beauties of flora.

"I have known a hard working Japanese to save a whole year in order to take his family on a trip to the mountains to hear and study the music of a distant waterfall."

## Equal to the Situation.

Leonard D. Baldwin of ex-Attorney General Griggs' law firm told the other day of an Irishman who was taken by his priest in an intoxicated condition to a cemetery and propped up against a gravestone. The priest had a lot of the Irishman's friends come to the cemetery dressed in winding sheets to scare him. The friends watched, while one of them went behind the gravestone and poured enough cold water on the Irishman's face to wake him up. The Irishman looked around him. He saw the tombs, the tombstones and the figures in winding sheets. "Shay, you fellers," he said, "ye've been here longer than I have. Whar kin Oi git a drink?"

## AUTHORS GOT EVEN

### PUBLISHERS' SECRETS GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

Character of Some of the Recently Published Fiction Made Plain—Some Facts Possibly Not Commonly Known.

Two aspiring authors in New York are saving the wounds the publishers have dealt them by gleefully telling the stories of their ill success.

One of them had a manuscript rejected last spring by one of the leading publishing houses in such a way that the letter of rejection was a soothing lotion to wounded pride. It was a long personal letter, written by one high in authority in the publishing house, and it bubbled over with compliments about the art, the charm and the value of the manuscript, and went on to say that they were returning it with much regret, as they feared it was too far above the heads of the public, and would not reach a commercial success.

Recently this author met the person high in authority, who remembered the name and at once asked what had been done with the manuscript. The author replied that it had been laid away to see if its selling quality might not improve with age.

"It is a charming thing," said the publisher, with much conviction, "and ought to be published."

The other author took the manuscript of a novel to a publishing house whose imprint is supposed to be a guarantee of the highest quality of literary work done in this country. A little later he was summoned to a conference with the head critic of the house, a man whose essays in literary criticism have established his reputation as among the best of the critical writers this country has produced. He was very complimentary about the manuscript.

"It is all right," he said, "but we must consider the audience. This is a capital story, but the matinee girl wouldn't understand it. She wouldn't know what it is all about. And she makes up so much of the audience that we have to consider her tastes."

## Stayed One Week.

John Barrett, the new United States minister to the Argentine Republic, was received at Buenos Ayres with great cordiality. An account of his enthusiastic reception was sent to the state department by Mr. Barrett, but it did not contain some of the most interesting details.

Bands played in celebration of Mr. Barrett's arrival, and he was greeted by prominent citizens, who escorted him to the best-known hotel in Buenos Ayres. Mr. Barrett was assigned to a suite of rooms and settled down to life in the Argentine city.

After his exciting experience as Oriental agent for the St. Louis exposition, the quieter life in Buenos Ayres was very acceptable to Mr. Barrett. One day it occurred to him that it might be well to ask the rate he was to pay for his rooms.

"Fifty-eight dollars a day," was the suave reply of the clerk.

Mr. Barrett enjoyed the hospitality of the hotel for only one week.—Washington Times.

## Pity.

William H. Taft lectured recently in Philadelphia on the Philippines. Mr. Taft remarked, at the end of his lecture, that there was too much sentimental pity in the world.

"People—the poorest and most wretched people—are happier than we think for, as a rule," he said. "To eat when one is hungry, to sleep well and comfortably, to warm oneself after a day's work in the cold—are not things who have these things often happy enough?"

"No matter how wretched we are we hold that our lot is not a bad one and we pity someone worse off. In a storm at sea one night two sailors, their clothing frozen to their bodies, hung to a rope as the waves washed over them.

"I say, Bill," says one. "Wot is it, mate?" says the other. "Think o' the poor fellows caught at a picnic in such weather as this."

## To a Child Embracing His Mother.

Love thy mother, little one. Kiss and clasp her neck again—Hereafter she may have a son. Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain. Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes, And mirror back her love for thee—Hereafter thou mayest press in woe, To meet them when they cannot see. Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow With love that they have often told. Hereafter thou mayest press in woe, And kiss them till their own are cold. Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, reverse her raven hair! Although it be not silver-gray—Too early Death, led on by Care, May snatch away one dear lock away. Oh! reverse her raven hair!

Pray for her eye and morn. That Heaven may long the stroke defer, For thou mayest live the hour forlorn, When thou wilt ask to die with her. Pray for her eye and morn!

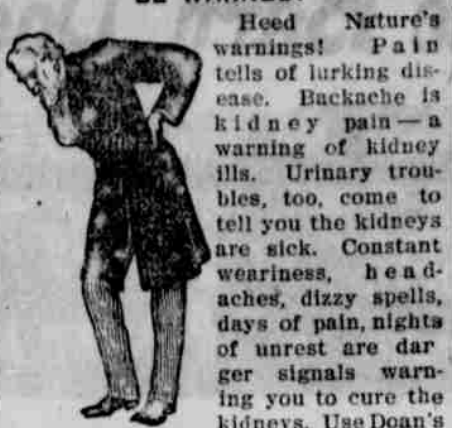
## Follow Style of King.

King Edward created a sensation when he attended a horse show in London recently by pulling from his pocket a pocket handkerchief with a deep-red border, a shade that matched his necktie. It was the first time he had been seen with a "colored pocket handkerchief. Colored handkerchiefs with "town" clothes are now "good form."

## Death Rate in Cities.

Of the world's great cities, Chicago has the lowest death rate. Berlin held second place for a decade until last year when London took that position with a rate of 15.62 per 1,000.

## BE WARNED!



Kidney Pills, which have made thousands of permanent cures.

Frank D. Overbaugh, cattle-buyer and farmer, Catskill, N. Y., says: "Doctors told me ten years ago that I had Bright's Disease, and said they could do nothing to save me. My back ached so I could not stand it to even drive about, and passages of the kidney secretions were so frequent as to annoy me greatly. I was growing worse all the time, but Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have been well ever since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Overbaugh will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

Always qualify the abuse you hear of people, but never put a handicap to the praise given them.

## Malaria.

Have you a slow and intermittent fever; chills creeping up the spinal column, especially in the middle of the day; aching back and limbs; cold hands and feet; flushed face with burning sensation? These are malaria symptoms. Do not delay, but begin a course of treatment to head off the disease. Pure blood will withstand the attack of poison better than impure blood; and as pure blood is the result of a healthy condition of the stomach, you should get the stomach in order first. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a perfect stomach remedy, a gentle laxative and strengthens all of the organs of assimilation. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

No girl can see what a man can see in her rival.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CROWEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## DWARF BANANA FINE FRUIT.

Product of Bermuda of Which Little Is Exported.

The dwarf banana of Bermuda first came from the Canaries. The fruit is little larger than a man's finger, and is compact in texture and rich in flavor. The fruit grown in summer is of higher quality than that grown in winter—if the word winter can be applied to a land in which the mercury rarely registers as low as 50 degrees and in which frost is unknown. The single bunch that the tree bears would weigh, of this dwarf sort, from twenty-five to sixty or seventy pounds. There is almost no expense required in maintaining the plantation after it is once established, and the gross annual income should be from \$400 to \$500 per acre. The little bananas are consumed entirely by the local markets, for Bermuda is visited by tourists. It has a large garrison, and the resident people—some over 17,000 all told—are fond of fruit.

## Queer Little Church.

One of the queerest and most isolated churches in England is a little gray edifice in the valley of Westdale Head, Cumberland. It is over four hundred years old, and has only two windows and eight pews. The pulpit is lighted by a slit of glass in the roof. A little bell hangs loosely in the open belfry, and on stormy nights drearily mingles its tones with the wind and thunder.

## IN AN OLD TRUNK.

Baby Finds a Bottle of Carbolic Acid and Drinks It.

While the mother was unpacking an old trunk a little 18 months' old baby got hold of a bottle of carbolic acid while playing on the floor and his stomach was so badly burned it was feared he would not live for he could not eat ordinary foods. The mother says in telling of the case:

"It was all two doctors could do to save him as it burnt his throat and stomach so bad that for two months after he took the poison nothing would lay on his stomach. Finally I took him into the country and tried new milk and that was no better for him. His Grandmother finally suggested Grape-Nuts and I am thankful I adopted the food for he commenced to get better right away and would not eat anything else. He commenced to get fleshy and his cheeks like red roses and now he is entirely well."

"I took him to Matamoras on a visit and every place we went to stay to eat he called for Grape-Nuts and I would have to explain how he came to call for it as it was his main food."

"The names of the physicians who attended the baby are Dr. Eddy of this town and Dr. Geo. Gale of Newport, O., and any one can write to me or to them and learn what Grape-Nuts food will do for children and grown-ups too." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## AN ILLINOIS FARMER IN WESTERN CANADA.

A recent issue of the Shelbyville, Illinois, Democrat contains a long and interesting letter from Mr. Elias Kost, formerly a prosperous farmer of that state, who recently emigrated to Western Canada, taking up a claim for himself and for each of his three sons.

From Mr. Kost's letter, which was written Feb. 2, 1904, we publish the following, believing it will prove of great interest to those who have contemplated settling in the Canadian Northwest:

"I had in August, 1902, secured a claim for myself, and filed on three quarter sections for my sons. My claim is one-half mile south of the Edmonton and Lake St. Anne trail.

"Coming so late in the season we had little opportunity to break and to prepare ground for a first year's crop. Still we raised over 100 bushels of very fine potatoes, and sowed a few acres of barley, but the season was too far advanced for the barley. However, we secured good feed from it, and on rented ground 18 miles east of us, raised a fine crop of oats, so that we will have plenty of feed for horses. We cut about 60 tons of hay and thus will have an abundance. We have, all told, about 240 acres of hay meadow, which would yield the past year over three tons to the acre, and in an ordinary season the meadow would furnish 600 tons of hay. The grass is very nutritious, and cattle on the ranges become very fat without being fed a pound of grain.

"On the upland the grass grows from eight to ten inches tall. This is called range grass, and is suitable for stock at any time, even in the winter when the ground is not covered too deep with snow. Horses subsist on it alone, at all times, provided they are native stock. The grass in the hay meadows here is called red-top, and grows from five to six feet in length, and when cut at the proper time yields an abundant crop of nutritious hay.

"Our cattle have not cost us a cent since we came on our homestead, only the small outlay for salt and labor in putting up hay and shelter. All cattle have been doing well this winter, and feeding up to the first of January was unnecessary, as there was good range up to that time.

"All the snows up to that date were followed by winds from the northwest that melts it very rapidly; these winds are called Chinook winds, and are always warm. In one night a Chinook wind may take away three or four inches of snow.

"We have built on our claim a comfortable house of hewn logs, 26x26 feet, one and one-half stories in height, with a good cellar. During the latter part of June we rafted logs down the Sturgeon to a sawmill, about eight miles away, and thus secured 5,000 feet of good lumber which was needed for the house. Later in the season a shingle mill located six miles away. To this we hauled logs and had shingles cut for the roof.

"We had an abundance of wild fruit the past season, consisting of gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, cherries and Saskatoon. The latter are a fine looking berry, red, and quite pleasant to the taste, but not much to be desired in cookery. The strawberries are the same as those that grow wild in Illinois. Raspberries are red in color, large and equal to any of the tame varieties, and so are the gooseberries. The cranberries consist of the high and trailing varieties. The latter are most sought and contiguous to the swamps. The ground is literally covered with them as with a red carpet, but the best and most sought is the blueberry, so called by the Indians. This is the famous 'huckleberry' (whortleberry) of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Pennsylvania, and cannot be excelled for excellence by any fruit cultivated. It is found here both on the prairie and in the timber in immense quantities.

"Game is very plentiful so far as prairie chickens, pheasants, ducks of all kinds, and geese are concerned. We have taken nearly 500 chickens and pheasants, also a great many ducks.

"An occasional deer is seen, but are not plentiful, only one having been taken during the season in this settlement.

"Fish are very plentiful at all seasons of the year. Fish wagons and sleds are passing almost daily along the trail with heavy loads of fish, destined for St. Albert and Edmonton. From the latter point they are shipped south on the Calgary and Edmonton railroad to points along the line, and also to Assiniboia, on the Canadian Pacific railroad."

For further information apply to any authorized Canadian Government Agent whose address appears elsewhere in this paper.

Home rule questions keep divorce judges busy.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

## WET WEATHER COMFORT

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm. YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR



WATERPROOFER OILED CLOTHING. MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW. BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A. THREE CANADIAN COLONIAL AGENCIES. ASK YOUR DEALER. If not, we will send you our free catalogue of garments and hats.